

# Views and Reviews in the World of Art

(Continued from preceding page.)

open door of the peasant's cottage where when household tasks were over the women folks gathered to ply their bobbins and chat over neighborhood gossip.

"It is difficult to visualize these same patient women under existing conditions. To-day the frugal midday meal no longer awaits the man of the family, streets that once resounded to the boisterous play of happy children now echo with distant cannonading and with the tramp of armies, but the women are there, women with white, drawn faces, patiently working into the intricate thread tracery the tragic grief of their individual lives lived within the shadow of Germany's beneficent mailed fist.

"In an environment of comparative peace and plenty a bit of lace may simply appeal to us as an interesting war souvenir made in Belgium during the world war, but when one stops to think of the mental agony under which such work was produced it becomes a living thing vibrant with the heroism of the personality that evolved it. Never till this score against Germany is settled will the true history of the dentelle de guerre be written and not till then can we adequately appreciate what its production has meant to those beleaguered souls to whom the industry has proved a godsend. One can but marvel that a human being under war conditions can produce such an excellent fabric and one for which the demand is constantly increasing, for the industry has yet to meet the requirements of an exacting trade, and despite the shortage of raw material and the rigid exactions of the German Government regarding exports it is nevertheless able to compete with other markets. In no detail of the technique is there any suggestion of slack workmanship due to natural despondency, its excellence reflecting rather a deep rooted sense of the power of right to overcome all obstacles, a sense nurtured by the well-springs of hope that rise eternal in the human breast.

"While the exhibit holds much that is of interest in the way of household linens



Temple Guardian, period of the Six Dynasties, on exhibition at the Ton-ying Galleries.

ing more rare as the modern lacemakers refuse to sacrifice their eyesight to so delicate an art. The finest piece of the collection is found in a charming veil of old Brussels with hand made net, or 'droschel' as it is called in Belgium; thread of this delicacy is no longer spun, but its gossamer texture has been immortalized in the following lines of Blanche Wilder Belamy, a tribute to devastated Belgium:

A thread of gossamer! A lovely line  
Set by a master in a brave design;  
A hand that toiled while spun the world  
through space;  
Peace, patience, labor—then the Belgian  
lace!

A brush, a palette, and the colors ground,  
True to the life that spread those colors  
'round;  
Touch upon touch, each of the next a part;  
Peace, patience, labor—then the Belgian art.

A noble model in a builder's mind,  
Month after month, year after year refined;  
Stone upon stone, built up with pious care,  
And then Malines Cathedral in the air!

Ah, gracious Göt! What demon is so fleet  
To lay time's wonders ruins at our feet!

"But while the demonic Hun, rampant in his ruthless campaign of Teutonic 'liberation,' may devastate this country, may enslave such of its people as have escaped rapine and murder, may lay waste its homes, pillage and wantonly destroy its cathedrals, yet the spirit of this people cannot be crushed! It survived the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, it will survive the terrorism of the present regime, and Belgium will emerge triumphant when its King once more comes into his own."

## Mrs. Adams Discusses American Sculpture

Mrs. Adeline Adams has been discussing American sculpture for the Metropolitan Museum Bulletin, in advance of the exhibition which opens in the museum tomorrow. She says in part:

In answer to a real need, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is opening on March 11 two large galleries dedicated wholly to contemporary American sculpture as a permanent collection. From time to time some of the works now seen may be withdrawn and new works substituted, since it is by no means the intention that the collection, though permanent, should remain unchanged. Given the well known difficulties and inhibitions attendant upon the placing of works in marble, bronze and plaster, the showing is fairly representative, or at least suggestive, of the aims and achievements of our sculptors. Naturally neither colossi nor bibelots could well be included; most of the pieces are not far from life size, one way or the other. Except in a few instances, the heroic strain of which American sculpture is really capable is of necessity absent. Nor could full justice be done to our rich native store of those smaller pieces in which sincere poetic imagination is joined to good craftsmanship, as in the works of Bessie Potter Vonnob and others. Of these genre figures we often glibly say that they are as fine as "Tanagras," when, almost as often, they are really far finer

than many "Tanagras" we wot of. And why not? The coroplasts themselves would have been the first to admit that the sculptor is more than the image maker.

In order to correlate the work of the present with that of the immediate past a few good examples of our earlier American sculpture are shown. Here is Dr. Rimmer's heroic bronze Gladiator, a work oddly in advance of its time, big in conception, oozing anatomical erudition at every pore, yet disdainful, too, of realistic detail. Close at hand is a cast of Ward's Good Samaritan, a group exceedingly reverent in its handling of the bodily surfaces and at the same time, as one of our foremost sculptors has pointed out, remarkable for the excellence of its composition from every possible view, a triumph rare enough in the sculpture of to-day, and even more unusual in that of the year 1868. It is of intense interest to compare the works of these two pioneers with Barnard's heroic Woman just opposite. In the matter of greatness of line the three have much in common with each other and with antique standards. But in the shapes of the light and shade, and especially in the treatment of the muscles, there is sharp divergence, each sculptor, happily enough, declaring his own individuality in his own idiom, and thereby giving his own definition of beauty of form. Mr. Ward's realism in modelling is not of that "utterly unfinching" kind the books now tell of; you feel that it will be able to flinch when the right time comes, which will not be often. And his modelling of flesh has a fine religious thoroughness too fervid to be disposed of as merely painstaking.

Of Dr. Rimmer, strange and powerful anatomist, who, so they say, "never missed a muscle or forgot an attachment," it is recorded that he shaped the contours of this Gladiator without benefit of consultation with any model except that in his mind. And while Dr. Rimmer intellectualizes Mr. Barnard ovalizes, if I may use two bad words at once; ovalization being a new and perilous way of escape whereby a sculptor seeking respite from all those same little old anatomical precisions deliberately wills to "miss a muscle and to forget an attachment," even forswearing physiology altogether, if only he may create through such roundings and slurrings a longed for sense of largeness and snavity of form. No less interesting to the student of sculpture is the kaleidoscopic juxtaposition of Palmer and Manship, two craftsmen of two different generations. Only the width of a room parts them, from which we note that in aim they are not so different as we once had dreamed. Yet between the passing of that White Captive and the coming of the Girl With Gazelles our art had contracted the greater part of its great debt to France, borrowing, perhaps, only too long and too freely from her ample resources. Indeed, aside from the earlier sculpture, is there among all these gay bronze fountain figures, these searching portrait busts, these monumental reliefs, these graciously carved marble figures, a solitary work that owes nothing at all to France?

## London Bars Replicas of Lincoln Statues

The following letter to the March Chronicle would indicate that the opposers of the plan to send a replica of George Gray Barnard's "Lincoln" to London have finally won. Sir Alfred Mond's secretary writes to the editor of the Chronicle:

"Sir Alfred desires me to tell you that he has been kept very fully informed of the controversy that has taken place concerning Mr. Barnard's statue of President Lincoln, and is perfectly aware of the fact that a great many distinguished artists, art critics and men of taste, whose opinion

(Continued on following page.)

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Courtesy, Durand-Ruel.

Self portrait by Cezanne, in the Degas sale.

several pieces are worthy of special mention. One, a cover with a medallion pattern bearing the arms of nine of the allied nations, has special value for a collector from a historic point of view, as it is a dated document. Another might appeal to any dog fancier who has a fondness for the popular Pekingese, for, as the adage puts it, every dog has his day, and to-day is the day of the Pekingese! In this the designer has introduced this delectable little dog motif in the border of a pillow slip.

"And that reminds one of the active part that in the early eighteenth century dogs played in the lace trade of France and Belgium when a governmental ban was placed on the importation of the fabric. In those days dogs were taken from kindly masters on one side of the border and carried across, where they were kept in confinement on low rations; a larger skin concealing packages of lace was then fitted over the body and the dog liberated; once free he immediately made his way back to his home, where he was once more subjected to kindly treatment and good food until needed for another lace pilgrimage.

"Among the rare old pieces should be mentioned two exquisitely fine flouncers of Mechlin, a lace which is every day becoming

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